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He Was Powerless All Along

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"Self Portrait"
Susan Schubert
Photography

He Was Powerless All Along

I cannot recall the day I realized he was a weak man.

I only remember the moment:

*when I let his booming voice evaporate into thin air before it hit my ears
and suddenly the venom he spat at me sizzled in front of my feet.*

As I saw the look of horror suddenly stretched across his face,

I realized that within my chest,

I held strength like gold

and that he was no more than a desperate thief

pillaging for riches he did not possess.

In the moment I locked my doors,

*he looked like he was drowning in the blood rushing to his face, suffocating
on the first taste of the filth he had spewed.*

He wouldn't stop himself from screaming,

so insistent that if he kept it up,

I would eventually let him inside,

and save him from his own doing by giving up a piece of myself.

In the moment I didn't, I watched him self destruct.

-Heather Anderson